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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Another Year.

Another year is dawning;
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

Another year of "mercies,"
Of thy loving breast,
Of ever deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning;
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for thee.

The Graysons' New Year's Eve.

The Graysons, on New Year's Eve, kindled a blaze in the broad, open fireplace of the old house on Summit Hill. The birchbark smoked, curled and blazed, the shingles snapped and cracked like popcorn, and the flames curled about the maple sticks.

Earl and Arthur lay flat upon the big rug, their faces propped on their hands. The firelight danced in their eyes. Dorothy sat in her rocker, her cheeks reflecting the glow. Father Grayson rubbed his hands and laughing gleefully, and Mother Grayson, with the baby asleep in her lap, smiled happily.

"Isn't this splendid!" cried Earl, the lively boy.

"Fine!" echoed Arthur, the dreamy boy.

"Let's stay up and watch the old year out," said Earl.

"Please, papa!" pleaded Dorothy.

"I'd like to know what happens at midnight."

"At midnight," said Mr. Grayson, "we all slumber peacefully."

"Except when Kate has the croup," observed mother.

"Or Dorothy is thirsty," put in Earl.

"Or Earl is dreaming of sliding and rolls out of bed," retorted Dorothy.

"I'd like to know what happens at midnight! How it feels to be here by the fire and hear the clock strike twelve, when it's all bright moonlight out of doors and there's a real ghostly feeling in the air."

"I'd rather be out sliding," said Earl.

"Pa, let's go," said Mr. Grayson's eyes kindled as if he really liked the idea.

"Now, Edward, don't think of such a thing!" cried mother.

"We have our popcorn and apples and stories around the fire for an hour. Then let's us go to bed like sensible folks."

"We never go out nights," said Earl.

"Other boys do—girls go, too. Yes, we do go some places with you. But we never stayed till midnight."

Mr. Grayson leaned across the firelit circle and whispered to mother.

"The boys watched her face. 'Hurrah!' burst Earl, as she smiled.

"The Graysons will watch the old year out!"

Mr. Grayson glanced at his watch.

"It is now eight o'clock. The first hour shall be mamma's. Then she will want to sleep the rest of—"

"Not I—while my children are out!" she laughed.

"The second hour shall be the children's. The third—ten to eleven—shall be mine, and we'll not go sliding till then, for the night is long. The fourth—well, we shall see!"

He took the baby from mother's arms and carried her off to Dreamland. Mother's hour was an hour of popcorn, apples and a story of the hearth-rug that grandmother made when the old house was young, before the big town of Chaucery was built in the valley and the hillside was covered with houses. The clock struck nine.

"I choose to speak pieces!" cried Dorothy, and stood up in the firelight with hands clasped behind her.

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night,
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going; let him go;
Ring out the false; ring in the true."

"It isn't a very wild night," observed Arthur.

"Speaking pieces is for girls," said Joe, after each had taken several turns at this art. "I'd rather make a speech, but I guess I'm not big enough. Come on, now, let's go sliding. We can slide two hours sure, and not get tired. You never let us stay out late."

"Certainly not," laughed Mr. Grayson. "That's one of the midnight secrets! Now out with the double-runner! Tonight we'll slide from the tiptop of Summit Hill."

It was a beautiful December January night. The large moon was far up in the sky. The weather was mild, the white, sailing clouds large and fleecy—a thaw at hand. But the soft snow on Summit Hill was packed hard by the rush of many sleds. On the tiptop the Graysons looked back to their home, standing far and clear in the moonlight among the tall elms. Through the window they saw Mother Grayson in her rocker before the fire.

"I guess mother'll be lonesome," remarked Arthur.

"There are lots of lonely mothers," replied father. "That's one of the secrets of midnight. Now for a slide! On Earl! On, Dorothy; push, Arthur! I'll steer down and you may haul up! Off we go—hurrah! Way—way?"

The sliders on the hillside scampered as the Grayson flyer shot past. Behind them came the Dawson bob and a speedy rival. The air was full of merry laughter, and now and then a sled with tinkling bells flew down the steep hill.

It was a long, slow climb to the summit again, but then it gave lots of time to the chatter with other coasters and stars. From the top of the hill again they surveyed the surrounding scene. Lighted streets gleamed in the valley. Some of the hillside homes were still illuminated.

"The Franks are having a party," said Dorothy.

"And there's a wedding at Helen Lake's. They've lighted every room. See! Mamma's looking from our window. I wish she could forget about us and go to bed."

"I saw John Conley's mother looking out of the window when we climbed the hill," said Mr. Grayson.

"Is Joe out sliding?"

"Joe's out every night, I guess," said Arthur.

"He's with the Smith crowd."

"And he makes fine rank at school, doesn't he?"

"Fine rank! I guess not!" burst Earl.

"He can't hold his head up. Come on, father, let's coast again and slide down the lower hill into town. I want to see how it looks at midnight."

Whizz! Whew! Away they flew! At the foot of Summit Hill Earl pushed vigorously till they took the lower slope and slid slowly into the town. As they passed the granite school building the tree shadows fitted prettily across its face. The great brick factory loomed darkly above them; the warehouses and most of the stores were closed. Belated people were hurrying home. The night-lunch cart shed a feeble light and the lunch-man walked the pavement with hands in pockets. A few office lights were burning. Two drug stores, lighted and attractive faced each other from opposite corners. On another corner, dark and still, stood the court-house. Opposite was a building with showy-colored lights in the window. Inside screens shut off the interior. Men were entering and passing and there were occasional loud voices within.

"What do you keep there, papa?" asked Dorothy.

"The secrets of midnight," said Mr. Grayson sadly.

"That's the saloon?" burst out Earl.

"They have got some dancing images there, Joe Conley says. The man lets the boys in after school. Paul Jamieson wanted me to go. I told him I did not have to."

Mr. Grayson turned their faces upward toward the sky. The moon was behind the courthouse tower. Little flecks of drifting clouds made the stars seem far away.

"What does Longfellow say about the stars?"

There was a moment's silence. Then Dorothy repeated:

"Silently one by one in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forge-metals of the angels."

"Beautiful, aren't they? See, 'way up the hill I can get just a glimmer of the lights of home, where mother is keeping the fire."

Dorothy's hand crept into his.

"Let us go home, father."

"Soon, little girl. It is almost midnight—only a half hour more. We've enjoyed stars, fine slides and half the night together. The night has some sad secrets, too, and it is better for us to see them together than for you to discover them alone. Look!"

Three men jostling each other pushed out of the saloon. Two of them staggered down the street with quarrelsome words and blows. The other took the sidewalk up the hill.

"It's Joe Conley's father," whispered Arthur. "See, there comes another."

The door swung open again and a man was pushed out hastily. He stumbled and fell to the sidewalk. Mr. Grayson sprang across the street and raised him to his feet.

"Thanks, Grayson," he said thickly. "Happy New Year!"

"Henry Gott!" exclaimed Mr. Grayson.

"What brought you to this place?" Gott pushed him aside and staggered on the sidewalk. The Graysons followed silently. Half up the hill he turned to his own door, opened it and stumbled in. The Graysons heard quick footsteps across the floor and a sound of bitter weeping and moaning.

"Father, go help them? Do something!" cried Dorothy.

Father Grayson shook his head.

"No, no! This is one of their midnight secrets," he said sadly.

"I did not know Gott had gone astray. The saloon wants them all."

Earl squared his chest, looked backward down the hill, and shook his fist at the saloon.

"When I get old enough, I'll smash it!" he cried.

Dorothy's hand clasped her father's big fingers. "So will I," she said.

"Good, my brave helpers! There is one midnight secret more to tell before the tower-clock tolls. Why does Joe Conley take the jolly crowd of night-larks that lure him into evil? Why doesn't Paul Jamieson hate the saloon?"

"They don't know enough," said Earl, scornfully.

"No, my boy. They know things the wrong way. Try again."

Arthur was thinking hard as he tugged the sled into the yard.

"Anyway," he burst forth, "he does not know enough to mind his mother and stay home. Why is it, father?"

Mr. Grayson put his hands on the boy's shoulders and looked into Dorothy's eyes.

"Listen, and remember. God made the night to be holy. Some have kept it holy, some have soiled it with sin. When you must walk in the night, follow the stars. Long ago a poet wrote:

"Stars are of mighty use; the night
Is dark and long.
The road is foul; and where one goes right
Six may go wrong.
One twinkling ray
Shed over some cloud
May clear the way
And guide a crowd."

The tower-clock tolled twelve long strokes. The door opened, the light streamed across the snowy lawn as Mother Grayson stood in the doorway and peered anxiously across the shadows.

"There's the star?" said Father Grayson with a shout, Earl, Arthur and Dorothy rushed to the threshold.

"Bless me! What comes you are!" she cried, retreating. But they captured her with kisses and shouts.

"Happy New year! Happy New year!"—Boys' World.

Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf
St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House,
523 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Missionary-in-charge.
Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, Parish Visitor.

SERVICES.
Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sunday, 8:00 P.M.
Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sunday in each month, 8:00 P.M.
Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P.M.
ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.

Modern Ways in Ancient Times
William H. Holmes has written numerous authoritative books and articles on archaeology and ethnology. Since 1910 he has been head curator of anthropology in the National Museum in Washington and curator of the National Gallery of Art.

Many of the so-called "modern improvements" of civilization, which so largely contribute to the comfort of living, are by no means so recent in origin as we are disposed to imagine.

An eminent archaeologist has recently declared, for example, that Nero's palace in Rome had three elevators. It is true that those elevators must have been hoisting machines of very primitive pattern—operated presumably by man power, with the help of rope and counterweight—and it is more than doubtful that they were ever used to carry human freight. Few palaces or other buildings in ancient Rome were more than two stories in height, and passenger "lifts" were for that reason not needed.

It is said, however, that the Romans of Nero's time knew how to open the door of a dwelling by operating a piece of mechanism from an upper floor—a contrivance similar at least in its purpose to the one used nowadays in apartment houses.

We are accustomed to think of running water in houses as a modern luxury. New York City did not have it until 1776, when a reservoir was constructed east of Broadway, into which water was raised by pumping it from wells dug for the purpose. But that was a very primitive arrangement compared with the system of ancient Rome, by which water was brought from great distances in aqueducts that were marvels of engineering, and that emptied through lead pipes into thousands of tanks of hewn stone.

Barbarian conquerors destroyed Rome to such an extent that archaeologists have difficulty in "restoring" the city of Nero descriptively. But we can learn much in regard to its water supply system and many other things by reasonable inference from a study of Pompeii of the same period. Pompeii has been preserved substantially intact beneath the ashes of Vesuvius.

Erected at intervals along the streets of Pompeii were pillars of masonry, up which ran lead pipe; and on top of each pillar was a tank, from which water was distributed by pipes to the houses. All dwellings, except those of the very poor, were thus supplied, and some had nearly a score of faucets, controlled by stopcocks that were much like those that are now in use.

At many street corners there were fountains, with stone basins, the edges of which even now show depressions worn by the hands of people who leaned over to drink. These fountains were fed by the city water, which was brought by an aqueduct from a distant place so elevated that the "head" was very powerful. That kind of engineering was highly developed in those times. When Julius Caesar first visited Alexandria in Egypt, he found there so complete an underground water-supply system that the city seemed "hollow underneath."

Pompeii, which had more than twenty thousand inhabitants, was the Newport of Rome. On the foothills behind the gay little summer city, overlooking the whole of the beautiful Bay of Naples, were the luxurious villas of the wealthy Romans. Behind these villas loomed the mighty and menacing volcano.

The streets were narrow and were paved with blocks of basalt carefully fitted together. Mercury Street, the broadest, was only thirty-two feet wide. The shops opened on the street, so that customers could buy without going inside. Magnificent baths, occupying the whole of immense buildings, served the purpose of clubs; some of them afforded accommodation for both men and women.

In the year 73 B.C. Julius Caesar organized the fire department of Rome. It had a force of six hundred men. At that time a primitive fire engine had already come into use; it was a pair of pumps worked by a beam, and the two streams united in common discharged into a pipe and passed out through a nozzle that

could be turned in any direction. "Siphons"—emergency fire extinguishers—were commonly kept in houses. Frequent mention is made of them in ancient literature, but we do not know what they were like.

There are in Pompeii alleged traces of glass windows; but that point is in dispute. In ancient times a lattice ordinarily served the purpose of both window and blind. Such windowpanes as the Romans used seem to have been of horn. In Julius Caesar's time, of course, the art of making glass had long been known; it was familiar to the Egyptians as far back as 1800 B.C. But the glassmakers of that period did not know how to render the substance colorless and of crystalline transparency.

The houses of Nero's time were heated with braziers of charcoal. For illumination at night there were candles—made by dipping strings in tallow or wax—and lamps. In the houses of the wealthy Romans of Nero's time lamps, filled with olive oil, hung from the ceilings. On occasions of public rejoicing the lamps were suspended in the windows. St. Jerome says that the streets of ancient Antioch were illuminated by lamps.

The Romans of those days used lanterns of bronze, with panes of bladder, mica or oiled silk. In the vestibule of a house in Pompeii archaeologists found a lantern lying beside a skeleton—presumably that of a man who was trying to escape through the darkness and the falling ashes.

The Romans furnished their houses very luxuriously. The bedsteads were costly and beautiful, and the Romans climbed into them with the help of a short stepladder on the open side; the other side was closed with a board placed vertically.

The feet of the bed were often of silver, richly wrought, and the wood was veneered with tortoise shell or ivory. The mattress, which was supported by straps, was stuffed with wool or feathers; the blankets and sheets were of wool delicately woven.

Nearly all of the chairs we use nowadays are not of modern design, but are copied after ancient patterns. The Egyptians were apparently the first people to use chairs, and they had them in great variety—reclining, leather-seated, cane-seated and splint-bottomed. In Pompeii the searchers found two folding chairs.

When the Egyptian took pen in hand (with a scroll of papyrus) to write, however, he lay prone on the floor. The Roman wrote upon parchment as he reclined on a bench. The Hebrew, in like circumstances, sat up at a table. Desks similar to those now in common use have been found in Hierakonpolis. The ancient Greeks had movable wooden benches in their schools, and it may be that that the same was true of the Roman.

Butter dates back to prehistoric times, and in the cookery of the ancient Hebrews it took the place of the forbidden lard. But the Romans in Nero's time used it only for cosmetic purposes and as an unguent, especially for use after bathing. Ladies of Athens and Rome kept a supply of butter on their toilet tables in dainty boxes of fine workmanship and used it as the woman of today uses cold cream.

In 1888 some one constructed a floating barge house for voyaging on the Mississippi. It was large enough to accommodate two thousand hives, and was meant to be towed up and down the river to Louisiana from Minnesota, keeping pace with the blossoming of the flowers. People said, "What a novel idea!" but as a matter of fact that very thing was done on the Nile in Egypt long before the birth of Christ.

For the ancient Greeks and Romans honey was the only source of sugar. In Nero's time, it is true, sugar from the cane was known, but it was considered as merely a rare curiosity from Bengal, where the plant seems to have originated. Shukkur is the name by which the sweet substance is known in that country to this day. Arab traders brought it to Rome and Athens, but for centuries it was used in Europe only as a medicine.

Ice is said to have been first cut

and harvested for storage in 1805, from a small lake near Cambridge in Massachusetts. But the millionaires of ancient Rome made snow serve the same purpose. They got it from the mountain summits, and stored it in pits, covered with straw and earth.

The Romans apparently learned the art of soap making from the Gauls. In Pompeii the archaeologists unearthed a soap boiling establishment and found kettles that contained soap that was perfectly good, although it had been buried beneath volcanic ashes and cinders for more than seventeen centuries.

The Romans of Nero's time knew the value of advertising. The shopkeepers displayed posters on blank walls and sent criers about the street to announce times and places for the sale of goods. They also set signs of terra cotta and carved stone into the sides of their open shop fronts.

Water mills for grinding grain first made their appearance in Italy in the days of Julius Caesar. Later, boats with mills built on them operated on the Tiber; the current of the river drove the mills.

The artificial hatching of eggs was well understood at that period. Indeed, the Egyptians practiced it on an extensive scale for centuries before Christ was born. They subjected the eggs to a slow heat in oven-like structures built of mud—a method that even now is in common use in Egypt.

Even in those days, there were professional dentists who could replace lost teeth with artificial ones made of sycamore wood, which were fastened to their natural neighbors with gold wire. A gold plate with several teeth attached has been found in an Etruscan tomb. But those dentists knew nothing of the art of excavating and filling cavities. When a tooth became too painful they removed it, not by pulling it, but by prying it out in a manner that must have been most distressing to the sufferer.

Every ancient Roman gentleman had a latrine that fitted the door of dwelling. Lest he should lose it he commonly attached it to a finger ring. He shaved himself with a sickle-shaped bronze razor, which, although sharp, must have "pulled" frightfully. To him the convenience of buttons was unknown; but to fasten his clothes he used metal studs that were exactly like our collar studs. He also used safety pins that were in no way different (with coiled spring and catch) from those that are familiar to us to-day. His wife and daughter "did up" their hair with big-headed pins that closely resemble modern hairpins; and the mirrors in which they gazed at themselves while performing the task were of brightly polished metal—usually bronze. The hand mirrors had handles and were shaped like those that are in use to-day. In the lifetime of Julius Caesar silver "looking-glasses" made their first appearance and doubtless were considered to be a great improvement.

Like the Germans in recent years, the Romans devoted a great deal of attention and incalculable labor to building roads designed primarily to facilitate the movement of armies. More than sixty thousand miles of highways crisscrossed the empire. Twenty-nine great military roads centered in Rome—the most famous of which was the Appian Way.

Of luxury there was as much in imperial Rome as in any modern city to-day; of extravagance in living there was much more. Wealthy Roman noblemen sometimes spent hundreds of thousands of dollars on a single banquet; one man is said to have expended twelve millions of dollars in furnishing his house.

Since the Romans had never known conveniences that we regard as indispensable, they did not feel the lack of them. But even of the things that we call "modern improvements" the ancients had many more than we are accustomed to suppose.

The main difference in that respect between the Romans of twenty centuries ago and ourselves is that the substantial comforts of life, which in their epoch only the few enjoyed, are to-day enjoyed by the many.—Wm. H. Holmes in *Youth's Companion*.

There is no past perfect tense of happiness.

MARYLAND.

Principal Bjorlee was recently called upon to give two addresses before the Teachers' Association of the Mt. Airy School for Deaf, Philadelphia, and the New Jersey State School at Trenton, on "The Value of Military Training and Rhythm Work." On last Friday he addressed a large assemblage of Rev. O. Whildin's congregation in Baltimore, where he spoke about the life and work of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. It was a fitting tribute paid to that great educator, as it was the anniversary of his birthday.

A very pleasing four-act playlet was enacted before the members of the Ely Literary Society and a host of visitors from the city, by the pupils of Miss Kelly's class, on the 11th of December. The play, "The Cricket on the Hearth," was well acted, and the participants fully deserved the applause that greeted them at the conclusion of the play.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mr. Peerybingle.....	Leo Rosenberg
Mrs. Peerybingle.....	Louise McLean
The Stranger (Edward).....	Joe Carroll
Miss Slowboy (nurse).....	Nellie Swope
Mr. Tackleton (a bachelor).....	Joseph Pfeiffer
Galeb.....	Arthur W. Bremer
Bertha.....	Ellen Peake
Mary.....	Julia Spence

Our Seniors motored to New Windsor, Md., last Friday, where they tackled the Blue Ridge College team. The deaf lads put up a good game and held their own throughout the entire first half, which waged in see-saw fashion. In the final half the Collegians had the best of us at shooting goals, thus capturing the game, 26-14.

BLUE RIDGE M. S. D.
Danbar F Metty
Bonsack E Mettall
Bordette C Stern
Palmer G Serio
Dunn G Urbanski

Substitute—Jones for Palmer, Wheelbrener for McCall. Field goals—Danbar 4; Bordette 3; Dunn 3; Speckler 1; Mettall 2; Stern 3. Foul goals—Bonsack 3; Speckler 1; Metty 6. Time of halves 20 minutes. Referee—Ralph Bonsack, Blue Ridge College.

Last week we had the pleasure of a lecture in our chapel on the war experiences of Miss Miriam Apple, daughter of Dr. Apple, president of Hood College in this city. The young lady spoke about the work done by the Red Cross, and at the conclusion of the lecture she gave us a glimpse of some pictures taken on foreign soil.

A very agreeable surprise was spread before the teachers and officers, in the form of an oyster supper on Thursday evening by Mr. Frank Swan, who is an authority on fish foods, and prepared the supper with his own hands. The pupils had oyster stew on the same evening.

To make room for more garden space, the backstop of our ball field has been moved back several yards and the field between the bases has been plowed and levelled to excellent condition. This change may prove more advantageous to the batters, as the distance to some measure has been lengthened giving more openings.

A very neat 26-page booklet has just been published by our printing forces for Rev. D. E. Moylan. It is a souvenir program for the Methodist Mission and bespeaks itself well of our printing class.

With the home-going of the pupils, on Wednesday, Tuesday, the 21st, will see them gather in the chapel, where a big tree will be fully decorated. A brief program will be rendered by the pupils of the intermediate department. Santa has promised to be present to distribute presents and candy to the teachers and pupils.

The correspondent wishes all the readers of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

A. W.

St. Louis Mission for the Deaf
Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.
Mr. A. O. Stedemann, Lay Reader.
Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.
Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Lectures, socials and other events recording to local annual program and special announcements at services.
The deaf cordially invited.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

New York, N. Y.

He's true to God who's true to man;
Whoever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

THE JOURNAL readers get an extra copy this year. This issue is No. 53. It marks the close of the forty-ninth year of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL's usefulness in the cause of the welfare of the deaf.

The year 1920 has been made conspicuously notable by the convention of the National Association in Detroit. This convention eclipsed all of the great gatherings since it was organized, in Cincinnati, Ohio, forty years ago. Its business proceedings were especially notable for the high aims and intellectual comprehensiveness which was shown in the prepared papers, and the debate and wise consideration given them.

Another and very gratifying feature was the splendid hospitality of the deaf of Michigan. And that is something no one will forget, though some of the problems presented from the platform may be neglected, forgotten, or tossed aside.

During the summer, State conventions were held at Jacksonville, Illinois; St. Augustine, Florida; Charleston, South Carolina; Columbus, Ohio; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Romney, West Virginia; New England Gallaudet Association at Providence, Rhode Island; Portland, Maine; Little Rock, Arkansas;—and perhaps in one or two other States which at this moment we do not recall.

And the lessons conveyed by all these assemblages of the deaf, is that the deaf are keenly alive to their educational welfare and grateful for the privilege and blessing of being a member of the body politic of a liberty-loving and enlightened people, and proud of the fact that they are citizens of the greatest Republic on earth, a Republic which accords them freedom and equality, and guarantees for every child—deaf or hearing—a free education.

The closing months of the year have brought considerable business depression, and many of the deaf employed in the great manufacturing concerns have been thrown out of employment. While this is a cause for regret, it was inevitable in the course of readjusting the country to the changed conditions of a quick return from war industries to those of peace. It will not be long before the new wave of prosperity envelopes the nation, and willing hands will again be busy and happiness radiate from every hearthstone.

THE Editor as usual has been the recipient of a goodly number of Christmas cards of greeting, and wishes to express gratitude to all those friends he has not succeeded in reaching with a personal reciprocal missive.

This year the muse must have swatted Jimmie Meagher too late, as his customary original quatrain has

not come to hand. Our old friend, Mr. Teegarden, has not flirted with the muse either, though he hasn't forgotten the worried wight who holds down the editorial tripod. However, there is one faithful soul gifted with the divine afflatus, who has not failed, and we spread the subjoined sublime message from Prof. J. H. MacFarlane, for our readers to enjoy:

"To glimpse how much 'tis given,
To feel the glow of Love's blest 'all,
To hear the song from heaven riven,
Makes all our wishing seem so small.
O faith, reborn with joyous Christmas-tide,
Enlarge our vision of the Glorified."

Arkansas Institution.

Gallaudet Day was appropriately celebrated by the Arkansas deaf in the assembly hall of the Deaf-Mute Institute at Little Rock. They had for the orator of the day, Mrs. Sylvia Chapin Balis, of Belleville, Ont., one of the most distinguished educators of the deaf in North America. Close to 300 of the older pupils of the school, graduates, members of the N. F. S. D., and many friends from the city, filled the hall to capacity, and for an hour and half listened to one of the most interesting and captivating addresses ever delivered there.

Dr. J. R. Dobyns, the Superintendent, opened the meeting with an invocation, after which he introduced Miss Norma Woodward, of the high class, who recited in charming signs a portion of Mrs. Lydia Sigourney's poem on Gallaudet. Then the doctor made a few remarks eulogizing the deaf's great benefactor, Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, whose birthday was being celebrated in many schools for the deaf throughout the country. He said that he knew of no better way to do honor to the occasion than to have with us one of the ablest teachers of the deaf, Mrs. Balis, a Canadian by name, but an American by birth. For a long time, he said he had wanted to show the pupils what he believes to be a very remarkable representative of the combined method, a system of teaching that Clerc and the Gallaudet upheld and with great truth advocated as the only means by which to draw forth the best that is in a child bereft of speech and hearing. He was glad that the opportunity to secure the service of the lady had at last presented itself, and he introduced Mrs. Balis.

Mrs. Balis wasted no words in her opening address, but took up her subject at once, which was "Canada," and in very clear, easy and graceful signs she carried the audience deep into the misty past of four hundred years to the very beginning of the discovery of what is now Canada by John Cabot. Stories of the bold and adventurous Jesuit and settlers and of the fierce aborigines of that region were told in a rapid, comprehensive manner, which only an intelligent, well read lecturer could do without losing hold on the crowd. The expulsion of the French from Acadia, made immortal by Longfellow's poem "Evangeline," the astonished appearance of the Red Coats on the plains of Abraham and the subsequent fall of Quebec, and many other tales of historic interest told by a "Canadian" who knows, were described graphically to the intense delight of the listeners. It was a rare treat, indeed, and one of the best seen or heard in the hall. She told some strange and almost unbelievable narratives of the wonders of the regions in the central and western parts of Canada which she was pleased to term "the bread-basket of America;" for example, the climate of the extreme western part like Yukon, which the uninitiated regard as barren and unproductive, is in reality as soft and balmy as California. Here peaches, grapes, apples, and other fruits grow in abundance, and flowers in all their glory are not lacking, either. The people there, thought somewhat independent, are very loyal to their government. Men and women attired in cowboy paraphernalia in the day time are often seen the same night in the swellest garb of a dude when a dance is in progress, and their manners are, the speaker asserted with emphasis, invariably correct and decent.

The border between the United States and Canada is entirely unprotected aside from a few Marshals and Constables. There are no forts on either side. The same is true of the Great Lakes. For over 100 years the two neighbors have been friends. This proves that nations endowed with common sense can have peace without effort, and this bit of argument apparently places a premium of doubtful value on the much-mooted question of League of Nations. The people of Canada are lovers of sports, more so than the United States, and there are many kinds of winter sports not seen in the United States, for instance bands are played all winter at ice carnivals and there are dances on skates to the music. They must be seen to be appreciated, for the sight is indescribably beautiful. Iceboats flying like great white birds at a clip of sixty miles an hour are very common, and tobogganing at a speed calculated to take one's breath

away is a favorite recreation of both young and old and the distance covered is from one to two miles. Unlike most of the the automobile owners in the United States, the Canadians make their cars earn their license fees the year round and they positively refuse to yield to the resistance of snow and ice. The poorest there is an automobile owner, no matter if the car is a rattling Ford on its last lap to the junk-pile. Water freezing in the engine tank does not worry the Canadian car owner, for he uses coal-oil in it. (This bit of information is not copyrighted.)

The speaker's home province, Ontario—the Garden Spot of Canada—received a good share of her attention and it was most interesting. Fur-bearing animals are raised there in large numbers and the trade is always brisk, because the people are bound to have furs regardless of cost. A history of the Union Jack, which decorated the platform beside our Stars and Stripes, was given, and in conclusion the lady expressed the fervent hope that those two flags, representing the mightiest nations on earth, shall never come together in blows, but that they shall make the hated word "war" forever meaningless between them.

Throughout this splendid address, Supt. Dobyns kindly acted as interpreter for the hearing portion of the crowd. He also gave the benediction, which was followed by a reception in the Institute parlors in honor of the school's guest. The whole school filed past the lady and shook hands with her.

The committee in charge was: Mr. J. H. Eddy, Mrs. Emma King and Mr. M. M. Taylor. M. M. T.

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Mr. J. H. Eddy, Mrs. Emma King and Mr. M. M. Taylor. M. M. T.

The Teachers of the State School for the Deaf, Budapest, Hungary.

VIII. MOSONYI-UTCA 8. SZAM.
BUDAPEST, 24th November, 1920.

AMERICAN COLLEAGUES:—No land has suffered during and in consequence of the war as much as our unfortunate Hungary. By the occupation of the newly created neighboring countries to its fifth part diminished, Hungarian people is unable to exist.

The people of America was the first, who took notice of our distressing condition and hurried to help us by establishing here the "American Relief Administration," forever obliging with this grateful action the impoverished Hungarian people. But our misery has such a measure that the American Relief Administration, which supplies Hungary principally with food—alone is unable to help in every case, especially help those who have no relation in America.

Subject to this misery of nourishment and clothing are principally the different functionaries, and among them, we, The Teachers of the Deaf, who are unable to buy with our fixed salary, at the extremely high prices, suitable nourishment and clothing.

We, The Teachers of the Deaf in the capital of Hungary, are double subjects of the distressing conditions of capital life, as we are from the beginning of the war undernourished and fulfill our task of humanity by great struggling with sorrows of life in worn-out, torn clothing, linen, and boots.

As there is no possibility of help for us by the American Relief Administration, not having direct relations in America, we hope confidently to find our helping relations, our benefactors in our good-conditioned American Colleagues and fellow workmen of teaching the Deaf. Therefore we dare to supplicate you, to collect your superfluous cents, to send them to your suffering Hungarian Colleagues in dollars value, in order to diminish our misery and to make us able to fulfill our noble task with undivided soul.

In the agreeable view of your humanly intelligence, we are yours very grateful.

THE TEACHERS OF THE STATE SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF IN BUDAPEST, HUNGARY.

Lon Chaney.

Lon Chaney, character actor, who first came into prominence through his work in "The Miracle Man," is to be featured in stories especially selected to give him free play to his special gift. Chaney's portrayal of the legless villain in "The Penalty," just released, has brought the chance to the actor to become a star. He is to receive hereafter a salary of \$75,000 a year, whereas, only a year or two ago, he was satisfied with about \$3,000 annually.

A bit of personal history adds interest of the actor's rise. One probable reason Mr. Chaney has such remarkable power of facial expression is that both his parents were mutes. From infancy he resorted to pantomime as the means of making his wants known to them. His maternal grandmother's three children all were mutes, and it was through her efforts that the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Colorado Springs was established.

Every one stands in the light of the man who is lazy.

DETROIT.

Send all news items of interest to the deaf to Walter E. Carl, 938 1/2 Cameron Ave., Detroit, Mich., and he will see that they get to the paper. A post card will do.

Here is an interesting rhyme penned by Mrs. Colby. Several of the deaf laughed so heartily over it that we would let all of them in on it.

NURSERY A. B. C. BOOK OF OUR DETROIT BRANCH, N. A. D.

A stands for Allera our brave chief door guard,
Don't start monkey shines, for he will hit you hard.

B is for Ben Beaver, our local N. A. D. "Boy,"
Who won't get married and make life a joy.

C stands for Cicho of "Macaroni" name and an Indian (?),
Really he can easily solve the age of Mary Ann.

D stands for Donahue, so smart and so quick,
If you write on about her, she is sure to kick.

E is for Evans, who looks with brown eyes clear,
And snuggling to you, surely extra near.

F stands for Furman, who is so fond of traveling,
And just as fond of hunting and fishing.

G is for Goupill, our N. A. D. President's boss,
Who would lose his "looks" and not feel the loss.

H stands for Hellera, our big accountant man;
If you can't solve the figure, "fatty" he can.

I is for Isackson, who is weight above par,
This young matron can buy any car.

J stands for Jones, our dummy poet,
Better be good or he will write you up yet.

K is for Kenney, big boss, chief of them all,
If you want to know him just pay him a call.

L is for Liddy, who helps the connection "over the top,"
And looks so proud when the fund is filled up.

M stands for McKenzie so large, big and tall,
He eats up the fruits, seeds, skin and all.

N is for "Nobody," who could put your cheeks when you get home,
Or smooth the thin hair on your dome.

O stands for Onnik, who was born in Patheiland,
Though a firm member of the Local Branch N. A. D.

P is for Pastor, his jokes sometimes provoking laughter,
And he always gets whatever he is after.

R is for Rollins, so dear, winsome and sweet,
She prizes the flowers that are thrown at her feet.

S stands for Schneider, who handles N. A. D. money,
Cages us up and would not let us get funny.

T is for Tenney, who always makes your home bright,
And who tries to cook to tempt your appetite.

U stands for Ulrich, so blond, petite and "thin,"
Yet she denies that's the shape she is in.

W stands for Whitehead, so laund and shy,
Who works the due cards while time drags by.

Z stands for Zeh, who is always careful and alert,
To work hard and see that no one gets hurt.

Q, V, X and Y for these letters, we haven't any name,
Folks, if we have hurt your feelings it sure is a shame.

The Detroit Free Press of December 17th says:

AID FOR DEAF.

The Parents-Teachers' Association for the Deaf of Detroit has been organized to promote the educational and social welfare of the deaf pupils of the public schools. The association proposes to assist the teachers, especially in regard to proper lunches and other needs of the children. The Board of Education will be urged to provide more modern quarters and facilities for the work of the deaf department, which is growing in numbers and importance. The officers of the association are: President, S. S. Duxbury; vice-president, C. W. Schmooch; secretary, Miss Dumon; treasurer, F. G. Spoor; directors, John W. Ballman, C. H. Hitch, J. H. Miller, William F. Graft, J. A. Lanigan. Monthly meetings are to be held. A public demonstration of work by the pupils will be given the latter part of January in the Goldberg school. Miss Gertrude Van Adestine, principal of the School for the Deaf, will be in charge.

Mrs. C. C. Colby and her daughter, Violet, left for Washington, D. C., Thursday evening, December 23d. Her daughter, Mrs. Vernier, and her husband have leased the apartment of Major and Mrs. Westcott, in Washington, D. C., for the winter. Major Westcott and wife are in France, he having been recently appointed American Consul in France.

Helen Warsaw went home to spend two weeks in Bay City, Mich., with her folks.

Robert V. Jones' son, Albert's left hand, second finger, was caught in a threshing machine at the Ford plant, and he went to a hospital to have it dressed.

A Perez died of Tuberculosis on December 17th.

Hard Times Social was held at the D. A. D. hall, on Porter Street,

Saturday evening, December 15th, for the benefit of the new club house. Over a hundred were present and enjoyed it very much. There was dancing and games. Hot coffee and doughnuts were served. The committee worked hard to make it a big success.

Mr. Stork called on Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Inglehart, of Wayne, Mich., and left them a nice present—a baby girl, born on December 6th. Hearty congratulations.

The Detroit News of December 21st says:

FLINT, December 21st.—Luther L. Wright, superintendent of the Michigan School for the deaf, is sending circulars to the parents of all students notifying them that there will be no Christmas vacation this year.

He gives three reasons for abandoning the usual plan of sending the students home at Christmas time: That the state call not afford it, because it costs as much to run the school, during vacation as it does during school time; that almost every vacation has resulted in bringing contagious disease back to school, and that there is always danger to students in traveling in the Christmas rush.

Mr. Wright announced that special arrangements would be made to entertain the students Christmas. There will be Christmas trees in every room, a special dinner, and a moving picture show.

Arthur Hill High School, of Saginaw, Mich., takes defeat from deaf-mutes. Use of substitutes at the end of the first half of the game with Flint deaf-mutes Saturday night, December 18th, cost A. H. H. S. basket ball team the game. The first stringers were unable to keep up the pace. The score was 19 to 16.

RICHMOND, VA.

Mr. W. P. Souder, of Washington, D. C., spent December 11th and 12th in Richmond, in the interest of the N. F. S. D. The Richmond Division was organized, on Saturday night, December 11th, at the Moose House, and a large crowd of deaf people, many from other parts of Virginia, were present. The ladies were also on hand early in the evening. While the "Frat" boys were upstairs taking their "Goat Ride," and business session under the direction of Mr. Souder, the ladies and others remained in the reception room indulging in games and meeting old acquaintances. After the business session, the whole party was invited in another room, where a very fine banquet was served and enjoyed by all. Mrs. Arthur Tucker and R. W. Hatcher prepared the banquet to the "Queen's Taste," and their refreshments and punch sure tasted fine. After the banquet speeches were made by Mr. Souder, Mr. Edington and Rev. Bryant. Messrs. Scott, Edington, Alley, Rev. Bryant, all of Washington, D. C., accompanied Mr. Souder here, to help out in the "Goat Ride." Mr. Jenkins, of Norfolk, Va., blew in town just in time for the banquet and fun.

Rev. Bryant delivered a very interesting sermon at the First Baptist Church, Sunday, December 12th, and a large crowd turned out to see him. We hope he will come again.

Our First Baptist Church members have recently been holding parties and "auction sales" of cakes and candies, etc., to raise coin for a Christmas tree at the church on the night of December 29th. They have had much success, and all friends and "kiddies" will be well remembered by Santa. They are even going to put in a chimney, so poor old Santa won't have to come down through the stovepipe. Yes, sir; they will fix Santa's part all right.

Rev. J. W. Michaels, of Arkansas, spent Sunday, December 18th, in Richmond, visiting his sister, and while here he delivered sermons at both churches where the deaf meet every Sunday.

Mrs. L. O. Simmons, of Marlinton, W. Va., was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Tomblin, of Chaffon Street, some time ago. All of us were glad to have her among us again for a few days, and while here she was fendered a very delectable party, and a large crowd turned out to make her visit an enjoyable one.

Since Mr. F. P. Gibson's visit here in September, in the interest of the N. F. S. D., most all our boys have got in line by joining the society, and nearly all now believe the N. F. S. D. is the best insurance in the world for the deaf. If Bro. Gibson would stay on the road, a little more, the N. F. S. D. would grow by leaps and bounds. From what our ladies say, Gibby must be a great campaign speaker, yes; and also a great sport, eh! Gibby's wife might tighten the lid on some of his long trips; but no, that won't do, not at all.

Mr. Wm. C. Ritter, Superintendent of the Virginia Colored Deaf and Blind School at Newport News, Va., and his wife spent part of the Christmas holidays here with Mr. and Mrs. Tucker. They drove over in an automobile, bringing a few teachers with them. We were all

very glad to have him in our midst again.

Miss Ruth Tucker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Tucker, who is a teacher at the Colored Deaf School at Newport News, spent the holiday at home with her presents. Miss Eva Pate, also a teacher there, accompanied her here.

Mrs. Grover Pool, of Raleigh, N. C., spent the holiday here, meeting old friends and relatives. Mr. Pool came Friday evening, to take her back home. He got tired of being a "Grass Widower," and finally came after her. We were glad to see them again, and they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Phillips while here, and also were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rosenbloom.

Business around Richmond has slackened down during the past month, and a few of our boys were laid off from their jobs as long as thirty days. Mr. Creasey and Mr. Baughman were among the unfortunate ones. They expect to visit Washington, D. C., and other places during their off days. This is a warning to deaf boys of other places, that work will be hard to find here at present. However, we expect to see business booming steadily along again by January 15th.

Mrs. Marshall Owens was taken very sick some time ago, and had to be taken to hospital for treatment. She is now out again, and seems to be well on the road to recovery.

Mr. Carpenter, of Newport News, was in Richmond, on December 11th, meeting old friends.

The writer has been reading a great deal lately concerning Mr. Booth's suggestion of weeding out the sign language from class rooms. I very often wonder if he knew he was playing with dynamite when he first thought of this.

Our deaf have only two ways of carrying on conversations, and this is most frequently used of them. To weed it out of the "class room" would be sure a slow way of teaching, taking perhaps twice as long to complete their education. Anyone could see far in advance that to suggest "weeding," as he puts it, is sure playing with fire. It reminds me of our greatest baseball player, "Ty" Cobb, talking to a team mate. "Ty" says: Well boys, I am not as fast as I was in years back, and I have some hard work trying to keep ahead of this George Sisler and others. Oh, well, says the team mate, why not cut off your toes and fingers so, you won't have to race them every year.

We wish the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL much success and a Happy New Year. H. L. B.

AN APPEAL.

After five years of warfare, peace has come to us at last. But the war has had dire results for German deaf-mutes. Today the number of unemployed in Germany is greater than ever. In Berlin there are at the present time 400,000 unemployed, among whom, unfortunately, are many deaf-mutes. Moreover, in times of business depression, the latter are the first to be discharged by their employers and the last to be re-employed. Many have been out of work for many weeks, are without funds, and therefore must starve and die. The children of deaf-mute parents suffer most, due to the fact that during the war they were greatly undernourished and still very much underfed. The Christmas season is now approaching, but the deaf-mutes of Germany will not have an opportunity to celebrate the Yuletide festival.

I, therefore, most urgently request that American deaf-mutes respond readily to this very important appeal, and that they kindly send their contributions to me, which will be distributed indiscriminately among the needy and suffering mutes of Germany.

The low rate of exchange of the German mark will make it possible to distribute a considerably large sum to the local poor.

Trusting that this appeal will meet with a hearty response on the part of American deaf-mutes, I remain,

With friendly greetings,
Sincerely yours,

WILHELM GOTTSWEISS,
Chairman of the Committee of German Deaf-Mutes.
BERLIN, C54, STRINSTRASSE 15.

Contributions received to date:
R. Gratzmacher \$104 50
A. Kadglehn 39 10
J. Majcherczyk 39 85
Total \$183 40

Sent by cable to Pastor Hermann Schulz, Berlin, by A. Kadglehn 10,000 marks \$147 14

Balance on hand \$36 26

Kindly send checks, money orders, registered letters, and old clothing, shoes, etc., for men, women and children to the undersigned by Parcel Post:

ALBERT KADGELN,
15 Patchen Avenue,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Buffington, brother-in-law of Miss Sadie Blade, well known in Philadelphia, died December 11th. His death was a sudden one, due to pneumonia. The funeral took place Wednesday, the 15th. Miss S. Blade and many of his friends feel their loss keenly at Christmas time.

Austrian Deaf-Mutes Relief Fund.

Donations to the above fund, to purchase "provision checks" for deaf-mutes in direct need of the necessities of life, can be sent to the Editor of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Following is a list of contributors up to date:—

Edwin A. Hodgson	\$1 00
Charles Golden	50
Moritz Schoenfeld	1 00
Emil Bach	2 00
Mrs. Henry G. Klaus	5 00
A. M. K.	5 00
Albert A. Barnes	2 00
Mrs. Wilhelm Buhle	2 00
Samuel Frankenstein	5 00
Henry C. Kohlman	5 00
Mr. E. Souweine	1 00
Mrs. E. Souweine	1 00
Abe Miller	1 00
Morten S. Moses	1 00
Charles Schatzkin	1 00
Henry Hester	1 00
Moses Schnupp	1 00
Edward Lef	1 00
Julius Seandl	1 00
Simon Kahn	1 00
Marcus M. Kenner	1 00
Alex Meisel	1 00
Joseph Sturtz	50
Mendel Berman	1 00
Wm S. Abrams	2 00
"The Fairy Godmothers of Philadelphia," through Mrs. George Sanders	10 00
John A. Roach, Philadelphia	2 00
Mr. J. H. McFarlane, Alabama	1 00
Mrs. J. H. McFarlane, Alabama	1 00
Trinity Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, Newark, N. J., through J. J. Jones	5 00
Herbert Gunner, Chicago	1 00
Henry M. Hall, Pittsburgh	1 00
Miss Gwen Stoner, Beatrice, Neb.	1 00
Edward Nelson, La Porte, Ind.	1 00
Miss Katherine Solomon, New York	5 00
Sylvester J. Fogarty	1 00
Harry E. Stevens, Merchantville, N. J.	1 00
Wm. J. Jones, Detroit	2 00
Miss Sara C. Howard	1 00
Geo. W. Leach, Nebraska	1 00
Mary E. Price	1 00
Mrs. I. V. Jenkins, Rome, N. Y.	5 00
Hebrew Association of the Deaf, Pittsburgh Division, No. 36, N. F.	25 00
Mrs. Mary L. Haight	28 00
Henry M. Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa.	5 00
Mrs. S. W. McClelland, New Jersey	1 00
Total received	\$149 05

June 12.—Food Draft sent to Karl Altenachinger, Deutschlandsberg, Styria, Austria	60 00
Nov. 6.—Food Draft sent to Karl Altenachinger	20 00
Nov. 3.—Three Hundred Kronen sent to Karl Altenachinger	3 00
Nov. 14.—Food Draft sent to Karl Altenachinger	30 00
Dec. 6.—Food Draft sent to Karl Altenachinger	30 00
Total sent to Austria	\$148 00

Wisdom of the Bee.

Few persons, perhaps, are aware of the fact that bees were the originators of embalming. It happens sometimes that a stranger enters their hive, and often the enemy is too large or heavy to be cast out.

A slug, for example, may make its way into the bee hive. The bees pounce upon the intruder and proceed to sting him to death. The problem now presents itself to the intelligent bees of ridding the hive of the slug's carcass. They apparently are aware of the danger of infected air, so the embalming process is put in operation.

This consists in encasing the remains of the slug in propolis, a substance collected by the bees from the opening buds, chiefly of poplar, but also of other trees. This substance prevents decay of the dead body.

But if a snail enters the hive, the process is still simpler. The snail on receiving a sting retires into its shell, whereupon the artful bees will wall him in with propolis, and without troubling to shift the shell, securely cement it to the floor of the hive. The tomb of the snail thus becomes a part and parcel of the bees' dwelling.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.
A few words of information in a letter postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

CLARK CLUB

The last meeting of the year of the Clark Deaf-Mutes' Athletic Association was held in their club rooms in Monday, December 13th, 1920.

Many matters of importance were acted upon and the Entertainment Committee announced that they decided to postpone the "Grand Ball," which was to be held at Floral Gardens, 146th Street and Broadway, on Saturday evening, March 5th, 1921. The action was due to so many affairs being held too near together, and decided to set the new date, January 14, 1922, at the same hall. Particulars will be announced later.

The following members were elected to office for the year 1921, as follows:

President, Harry A. Gillen; Vice President, Frederick Koehler; Secretary, Frederick J. Haberstroh; Treasurer, Albert E. Dirkes; Sergeant-at-Arms, Aron Fogel.

XAVIER ALLIED NOTES

Chairman Cosgrove is set up over a rumor the Xavier Christmas Tree party, afternoon of January 2d, would be confined to members of the X. E. S. "Ridiculous," asserts the hard to aggravate Thomas J. "Put it down as strong as you can everybody will be welcome." There will be no discriminating in extending all who enter Xavier School Hall, on West 17th St., a cordial greeting, with the Yuletide compliments thrown in. Santa Claus will be on hand for a certainty, and his pouch of good things of a size to conform to the capacity of the cozy little school auditorium, which seats 400 easily. Joseph Dennen is to stage the entertainment, and has promised a good show. The ladies of the committee are doing their level best to make the event one of the best ever, while their co-workers of the opposite sex are as confident as their chief, everybody attending will go home happy and satisfied.

H. A. D. NOTES.

Rev. A. J. Amateau lectured on "Jesus, the Jew," last Friday evening, December 24th. The his torical data was very illuminative and interesting.

The next speaker will be Mr. Louis A. Cohen, on Friday evening, December 31st. Subject: "Tomorrow." All welcome.

The "Motion Picture" Evening held last Sunday evening, December 26th, drew the usual large crowd and was plainly enjoyed by all present.

SILENT ATHLETIC CLUB.

At the last meeting of the club, on December 15th, the election of officers was held and the following officers were elected: President, Wilbur Bowers; Vice-President, Harry Goldberg; Secretary, Lincoln C. Schindler; Treasurer, Allan Hitchcock; Sergeant-at-Arms, William Davis. The installation of officers will be held at the club rooms on January 19th.

Before the meeting was about to adjourn, President Hitchcock was presented with a solid gold signet ring, after which Mr. Bowers in making a presentation speech, declared that Mr. Hitchcock accomplished much for all the members since his birth. He is not in any sense of the word a "miracle," but he is a quick thinker in every way.

Mr. Hitchcock has refused to accept the re-election of president, but he was very glad to take the office of treasurer, for which he spelled out "watch us grow." He is also treasurer of Greater New York Division No. 28, now starting his third term.

Mr. Wilbur Bowers, the president-elect, has served three years as president of Greatest New York Division, and is well qualified to straighten out knotty problems confronting him.

Mr. Schindler, the secretary-elect, is no novice, as he was the man who started the Brooklyn Deaf-Mutes' Club some 25 years ago, which had prospered very well until the organization of the Greater New York Division in 1909. He is secretary of the Bridgeport Division, but will be permanently settled in Brooklyn very soon.

This club expects to be incorporated any day.

Morris Axler, who has made his domicile in Stamford, Conn., since last Summer, has arrived at his home in Bronx, to remain with his parents for the Christmas holiday, where his parents have recently moved to make their abode, erstwhile residing in Jersey City. On that day it also was his birthday and his parents tendered him with a "shower" birthday surprise party. A circle of family

relatives and friends were present. Morris will shortly return to Connecticut, where he is employed as a newspaper display jobber on various advertisements for "The Daily Advocate." The advent of a new-born sister has brought joy to his parents a few weeks ago.

Mr. John J. O'Brien, of 121 Prospect Park West, Borough of Brooklyn, entertained his sister, Ruth Juanita and Miss Elizabeth Cullen on Saturday evening, December 18th, at a dinner party given in honor of Miss Cullen. The evening's pleasure was started by a dinner given at the Strand Roof, where an exclusive show was seen and much dancing. Leaving there when the dinner and cabaret was over to continue the evening's fun at Murray's Garden, on 42d Street, where the party gave way to life until wee hours in the morning.

Rev. Dr. Chamberlain was unable to be at St. Ann's either on Christmas or on Consecration Day, December 26th. He is confined to his bed with a stubborn malady, and at his age (over fourscore) improvement is very slow. Many of the big congregation on Sunday expressed regret that the good doctor could not be with them on that special day.

The Men's Club of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes held its annual elections on Thursday, December 17th. The official roster of the ensuing year is: Edwin W. Nies, President; William A. Renner, Vice-President; Hubert Lieberz, Secretary; Keith W. Morris, Treasurer; Edwin A. Hodgson, Victor Anderson, Harry A. Gillen, Trustees.

Printer's Home card, by way of Colorado Springs, from Johnny Lloyd, extends to all his friends hereabouts the season's cheeriest greetings. Next May, Johnny will make a trip East, to meet his friends, and once again visit the scenes of his younger days in and about the Harlem section, where his family are well known.

Charles J. Le Clercq is still confined to his bed as a result of the accident in San Francisco. He has a badly swollen leg that only time and patience can cure. He is losing a good-sized weekly wage by this sickness, and is anxious to get back to work, as it is now six weeks since the accident occurred.

Robert McGinnis, of Sound Beach, Ct., who is a member of Company G, 4th Infantry, Connecticut State Guard, was one of five picked men to contest with other military organizations at target shooting. His team won against all and Mr. McGinnis was one of the five to be awarded a gold medal.

Miss Carrie Kietel was married to Mr. John Goor, at St. Ann's Church, on November 24th, and Mrs. Kent and their brother-in-law, Mr. Regan, were witnesses. Afterwards they had a very nice and large party at their own home. Congratulations and good luck!

In company of his nephew from the U. S. Naval Academy, Mr. Fred G. King inspected the electric-driven battleship Tennessee, on Christmas Day. He went into the turret, up to the fighting top, and everywhere else above and below deck.

Miss Anna Hamburger is at Atlantic City with members of her family, but will return in time for the Anniversary Dinner of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League.

R. W. Nicholes has a child's crib for sale, which he says is worth \$19.50, but will be sold for \$4. The address is 197 Novis Street, Brooklyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Konzelman, of Bayonne, N. J., announce the engagement of their daughter, Dorothy, to Mr. Emil Filsinger, of Bayonne.

After spending the summer and autumn at Lake George, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Pfeiffer are in the city for the winter.

Mrs. Sarah Finkelstein, beloved wife of Mr. Morris Finkelstein, passed away on November 20, 1920.

Hebrew Association of the Deaf

Religious services held Friday evenings, 8:30 o'clock, at the Communal Centre, 40-44 West 115th Street, New York City.
MAX M. LUBIN, Leader.

Northern India and Persia are supposed to have been the home of the peach tree, but Uncle Sam is to day the world's champion peach grower. It has been estimated that the United States contains twice as many peach trees as the rest of the world combined.

Diamonds were first cut in China and India, but the art was only discovered in Europe after the 15th century. In 1864, diamond drills were invented.

AKRON, OHIO.

The K Graema Fur Company, of New York and Chicago, was owned and managed by an uncle of Herman Kohn, of Goodyear. The uncle went the way of all flesh over a month ago, and he had previously told Mr. Kohn's mother of his desire that all her children should share equally in his wealth, while she was to run the store on her own account, and after her demise, the estate was to be divided equally among the surviving children. Herman has three sisters and eight brothers—quite a large family. He has received notice from the Corn Exchange Bank of Chicago, to present himself at the bank on or December 18th, to receive his share of the fortune.

A. D. Martin, the original genius of the Silent Colony at Goodyear, is at home in Ashland, Ky., for the present.

We all are glad to read the letters from the veteran correspondent of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL of Columbus, Ohio, who has the unique distinction of never missing a weekly issue of the JOURNAL with a letter—the great Barney.

Irvin Nevertville, who had charge of the labor bureau of the Robinson Clay Products of Dover and Malvern, O., has been laid off and gone, some say, to Mississippi, his old home, and others say to Cleveland.

Edward Flynn, after several years of faithful service at Goodyear, has been laid off and departed to his former home in Youngstown, O. The just and unjust suffer alike from this business depression.

Ernest H. March quit his job at Malvern, and is earnestly devoting himself to a course of self education from a well-known correspondence school in Kansas. Mrs. March is still holding down her job at Goodyear. She is lucky to have escaped the official guillotine so far.

The tide of labor seems to be turning at Denver and Malvern, where a few silent workers are said to have been laid off. There is no escaping a "lay-off" everywhere.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Cady have sold out their half interest in their house on Watson Street to Harry H. Wilson, who owned the other half, and the couple, who made the house famous for its hospitality during the zenith of Goodyear's brilliant regime, have moved out to Mrs. F. X. Zitznik's cosy home, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson have moved in. When those who have been laid off and gone elsewhere come back to Goodyear, they will miss the happy evenings and the pleasure of meeting congenial friends at that house. The reason which impelled Mr. and Mrs. Cady to sell their house was that they expect to be called to California at any time by the serious illness of Mr. Cady's father.

Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Reeder have gone back to Arkansas. Mr. Reeder vows he will never return to Akron.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Bell have also shaken the dust of Akron off their feet and gone home to Tennessee.

Tom J. Blake, who stood on guard at the portals of the Frats' lodge like the Angel Gabriel with a flaming sword to keep out undesirable, bade his fellow members farewell, and took his grip home to wait for better times to come around.

Floyd Keathley reports that his buddy, Luella Fulmer, took the electric train to Cleveland early in the morning, and after spending a whole day in that city, he went to St. Louis for a brief stay, and went on to Arkansas. He is going hunting in the Ozark Mountains for a few weeks, after which he will settle down to his old life at home.

There are many sad partings these days, for the best of friends must part, and many who came to Goodyear with high hopes of steady work at big wages have gone away sadly disappointed. The future holds no promise of a return to better times before next spring.

There are only five or six silents left at Firestone—Messrs. Schowe, Ware, Dann, Lewis, Sulzer and others.

A change has been made in the directorate of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, by the replacing of three members with representatives of the financial syndicate, which has loaned fifty million dollars to the company on a mortgage of the whole plant for a period of ten years. The places filled are those of the first, second, and third assistant treasurers. Factory Manager Litchfield is still standing at the helm, and President Seiberling is still doing business at the old stand.

The directors announce a policy after New Year of increasing the hours of work to six days a week for the benefit of the present force of employees, and gradually re-hiring old hands when business warrants it. They do not expect normal conditions before April 1st.

Lewis E. Snyder has moved his business to near corner of West Exchange Street, where he keeps a small store besides his cigar making specialty. He makes special brands like "Goodyear" and "Firestone," which have a good sale.

F. X. Zitznik, who used to keep a cigar store in Chicago, and is familiar with the business, manages to dispose of Mr. Snyder's cigars to the trade.

Fred Fancher, our bandmaster and automobile-for-hire man, has gone home to Kentucky. While here, he organized an unique band of deaf musicians, which rendered creditable "music." His genial company is very much missed here.

Gallaudet Day, on December 10th, was remembered by a social and dance at Goodyear Hall on the evening of that day, and an enjoyable time was had.

Holgar Jensen has just obtained a divorce from his wife. It was uncontested.

Walter Berry received a serious injury to his foot, at his work in Malvern. The bones of his foot were fractured, and he has been unable to work. If his foot gets no better, he will return to his home in Arkansas. At the time of accident, which occurred in the wet pan of the Clay Products Company, the story rapidly spread that he had been killed.

Heyden Bingham, who is the proud possessor of a gold service pin, awarded only to those who passed the fifth year of their employment at Goodyear, owns a pretty home on Goodyear Heights presided over by an attractive wife.

Eli March, who left Akron to work at another job in St. Louis, has gone on to his home in Missouri.

Miss Castella Gholson has thrown the dust of Akron off her dainty feet and gone back to Missouri.

Miss Bradshaw is learning the operation of adding machines, with a view to fitting herself for a business career.

Mr. Schlit, who unfortunately lost his hearing from sickness one month after having received his discharge from the army, after having "done his bit" at the Argonne and failed to obtain the pension of \$150 a month for loss of hearing from the War Department, has just been married to a deaf girl in Detroit, where he lives.

Mr. Pearce has gone back to Colorado Springs, after having had a job at Goodyear for two years. He was on the Flying Squadron, but was one of those who offered to lay off in order to allow the married men of the squadron to stay at work.

Walter Greene has received a flattering offer from a big job printing office in Missouri. He is undecided about going there.

Frank X. Zitznik furnishes the following copy:

The Akron Frats held their annual convocation, and about ninety-four of them were present when the roll call was made. They came from near and far, and considering the gloomy and rainy weather and the distance some of them travelled, it was a creditable showing the Division could be proud of.

The election of the officers was spirited and snappy, due mainly to Vice-President Marshall's masterly acting, and under his direction the whole procedure came off without a hitch.

Although there was plenty of Presidential timber among the assembly, only two of them considered the honor to run for the office with Bros. Andrewjesky and Pfunder as its participants, and it was a close race, with Bro. "Andy" coming in by a "nose." However, Bro. Pfunder was tendered the office of vice-president as a consolation. Bro. Farquhar was elected secretary by acclamation. So was also "Big Six" Geo. "Pat" Murphy, who succeeded himself as sergeant-at-arms.

The others chosen were Bros. Hower for treasurer; Robinson for director; Bros. Ayers and Dowell for trustees, three and one year respectively, Bro. Thompson having declined to serve out his term on account of working in Cleveland at present.

Mr. Leo Frater is back among our fold, after undergoing two serious operations. He is improving fast and has the well wishes of our whole clan.

Bro. Cusaden is contemplating a visit to his home town, Omaha, Neb., so is Bro. Blake, who by the way mentioned that he has ample time now to consider taking for his partner a Maryland belle (?) Sorry to see you go, Brothers. Let's hope us clansmen will soon see you back in a few weeks, fresh and robust for the hard grind that awaits you when the rush season arrives.

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Diocese of Maryland.

REV. O. J. WHILDEN, General Missionary, 2100 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.

Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 8:15 P.M.

Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.

Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.

Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 9:15 P.M.

Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.

Guided and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.

Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.

Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.

Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.

Other Places by Appointment.

PITTSBURGH.

The banquet under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Branch of the N. A. D., in memory of the birth of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, and which had been heralded for weeks previous, came off with a great flourish of enthusiasm, at Hotel Chatham, Friday evening, December 10th. It was a most gratifying success from any angle, save that several good friends of the deaf were unable to be present on account of illness.

The roof garden of the hotel was comfortably filled with animated and eager guests, admirers of the Gallaudets. Indeed, the sons of the founder of deaf mute independence in America shared in the honor on this occasion at least. It is hard to separate the Gallaudets when it comes to celebrating, as the deaf in the country have an abiding love for them all, because of their labors and self sacrifices in our behalf.

There were covers at the banquet for 165, diners although over 180 tickets had been sold, so it is evident that quite a few missed the pleasures of the evening.

The real enthusiasm began to bubble up when the tables were cleared, and the feast of reason began. Mr. Teegarden was toastmaster—much against his inclination, however. He introduced the speakers who were scheduled to entertain the gathering. Each speaker had something of interest or amusing on his finger tips, for he it understood, this was not an "oral entertainment."

The ball was set rolling with a rendition of the "Star Spangled Banner," by Mrs. W. L. Sawhill, in her usual graceful and vivacious way, and she was justly rewarded with a storm of applause.

Dr. Percival Hall, President of Gallaudet College, was introduced as a worthy successor of the founder of the college. He spoke earnestly of the work of the Gallaudets, and elucidated the relative co-ordination of the college with all the deaf of the country, in that the college promoted advances in education in all the schools for the deaf. The college, he said, "belonged to all the deaf, not just to those who carried off their diplomas." His remarks were punctuated with applause.

Mr. Robert P. McGregor, of Ohio, spoke energetically in support of the free use of the sign language, making such gatherings as this possible. As "Father of the N. A. D." (this title he stoutly denied), he pointed out the National organization could best promote the welfare of all if they held together in one bond of brotherhood. In language, pathetic at times, humorous and forceful, he denounced the efforts of those who would degrade or eliminate the language given to the deaf by the Gallaudets. The frequent applause testified that his remarks hit a responsive chord.

Mr. E. R. Gray, state organizer spoke earnestly in behalf of a large number in the N. A. D., and urged all to enroll, as in union there was strength, which the deaf needed to safeguard their interests.

Mr. Samuel Nichols, President of the local Branch, gave his views and promised to do his utmost to promote local organization, and asked the support of all in this vicinity.

Mr. Thomas S. McAloney, Superintendent of the Institution for the Blind for the past fourteen years, was introduced as having received a degree from Gallaudet and who had taught in schools for the deaf many years. He addressed the meeting in the sign language, clear and graceful, which shows he has not forgotten his first love. His remarks were greatly enjoyed by all present.

Dr. Campbell, assistant pastor of the First Baptist Church, was introduced to address the audience. He expressed himself as much pleased to be present, as he had a large class of the deaf in his church and took great pleasure in promoting their interests. His remarks were interpreted by Prof. A. U. Downing.

There was quite a number of outside visitors, as from Altoona, Akron, Youngstown, and other parts.

The success of the affair was most gratifying to the committee in charge, of which Mr. Vincent Dunn was chairman.

Dr. Hall was entertained all day Saturday by the committee in charge of the Banquet. Mr. Charles Ott placed his automobile, with his son as chauffeur, at the disposal of the committee. In company with Mr. McGregor, Mr. Dunn and Mr. Gray, Dr. Hall was shown over the city and entertained at dinner with Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Sawhill, of Edgewood, who provided a feast which surpassed the banquet many points.

In the evening at Hotel Chatham, Dr. Hall met the local Gallaudet boys and girls, with whom he chatted pleasantly until train time, when he was whisked to the station and final good-byes and godspeed were given the honor guest with hearty good-will.

Mr. A. C. Manning, of the Edgewood school, who had been laid up with a variety of troubles for two or three weeks, retired to a sanitarium in Washington, Pa., December 11th, for recuperation; his wife and infant daughter, at the same time, going to Philadelphia with her parents for the holidays.

Superintendent Burt was also on the sick list for several days. On account of their indisposition, both Dr. Burt and Mr. Manning were forced to forego the pleasures of the banquet, to the regret of many friends.

G. M. T.

FLINT, MICH.

The Flint Social Club came very near losing its hall the latter part of November by fire. Monday evening, Nov. 29th, near midnight, a flame was seen in the basement of the building adjoining the part occupied by the club. A call was made for the fire fighting apparatus and men. The flame, however, had made such a headway that it was not until shortly after the noon hour the next day that the fire was under control. The flame had leaped from the basement to the third floor through an elevated shaft in a very short time, and was creeping along on both sides of the building until it reached the wall next to the club hall. Half a dozen lines of hose were thrown out, as a result of which a large part of the club hall was drenched. The greatest damage was done to the two pool tables situated in the back part, the chairs and other pieces of furniture being slightly damaged. Luckily for the club, it had only a month before taken out an insurance policy, and the damage has just been adjusted for \$215. The pool tables have been fixed up and are now in use.

The club held its regular meeting last Friday evening and transacted a lot of routine and new business. The secretary-treasurer's report showed a slight falling off in finances and membership, due to the partial cut-down of the auto factories. A large number of the deaf of this city have been laid off or put on half time schedules for the winter. About a dozen have left for their homes in different parts of the State to spend the winter, but will return as soon as the factories resume full time schedules. This shut-down necessitates the tightening of their purse strings.

The club elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Clyde C. Beach; Vice-President, Jacob Oberlin; Secretary-Treasurer, E. M. Bristol; Trustee, for three years, William Riekey.

In spite of the unsettled labor conditions the club is contemplating a number of social events, on a limited basis, during these winter months, to keep up the members' spirit and interest. Christmas Eve an entertainment will be held in the club room for the special benefit of their children, and will be free to all who may come and enjoy the club's hospitality. Flint Division No. 15, N. F. S. D., joins the club in giving this entertainment. The N. A. D. Branch will no doubt have its representatives in this affair. This innovation will no doubt prove pleasing, as several of the organizations for the deaf in this city will have a share in carrying out this festive event, and will help to cement the ties between them.

Flint Branch, N. A. D., held its regular monthly meeting Saturday evening, Dec. 4th. A very good program was carried out. Some very spirited discussion was held on subjects affecting the welfare of the deaf in general, after which Mr. Willis Hubbard took up his subject, "Old Times in Flint." Mr. Hubbard held every one spell-bound by his narrative of events as far back as 1856 up to the present time, and had a fund of stories new to many of us.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, E. M. Bristol; Vice President, Mrs. G. F. Tripp; Secretary, G. F. Tripp; Treasurer, John Rumbold.

The next meeting of the Branch will take place on Saturday evening, February 5th, when Mr. A. J. Eickhoff will give a sketch of Dr. Edward Miner Gallaudet and his life work.

Flint Division, No. 15, N. F. S. D., elected new officers for the year as follows: President, F. C. Crippen; Vice-President, Secretary, B. M. Maxson; Treasurer, F. A. Lvarason; Director, E. R. Brown; Sergeant-at-Arms, G. F. Tripp; Trustee for three years, Harry Neely.

The installation will take place on the night of December 31st, and will be open to the public.

The Flint representatives on the Local Convention Committee paid their last visit to Detroit on Sunday, November 27th. The committee made out its final report.

Mrs. Ruth Leadbetter Stevens, wife of Brother O. Clyde Stevens, died on Friday, November 12th, in Detroit, after an illness of several months. Funeral services were held on the Sunday following at the Dadds-Dumanois chapel, and a large number of Mrs. Stevens' friends were present to pay their last tribute.

Mrs. Stevens was a member of the teaching staff at the Michigan School for the Deaf for sixteen years. She was married to Mr. Stevens in June, 1912. Besides her husband and one sister in Detroit,

she leaves a host of friends who will miss her sweet and kindly disposition. Burial was made in Avondale Cemetery in this city.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Neely on November 6th. The stork also left a son to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Winegar on November 16th. Donald Mack is the name given the little stranger.

Frank Eggleston had the misfortune of losing eight choice chickens by theft on the night before Thanksgiving Day.

Word has been received here that Jesse Borton, who moved to Kalamazoo from this city, was recently married to Miss Hester Vanderkolk, of Hamilton, near Holland, Michigan. Many of the young people's friends here extend to them their best wishes. The newly wedded couple will take up their residence in the "Celery City."

E. M. B.

St. Louis Briefs

Mrs. Ida Blachschleger, of Cincinnati, is in the city for an indefinite visit with her relatives, St. Louis being her old home.

Mr. Ferd. Harrison is working in Jefferson City for the present, having been sent there by the printing firm for which he works—a fitting recognition of his proficiency.

Mr. George D. Hunter, who came to St. Louis from Michigan to reside over thirty years ago, concluded that it was about time to visit Fulton and the State School for the Deaf there, so he went while work in St. Louis had slowed down and the going good.

Mr. F. W. Hammer, of Rockford, Ill., died recently in that city. She was well known here, where she formerly resided. Mrs. Edw. Herber, of Springfield, Ill., well known here locally, also died recently.

The Program Book for 1921, issued by St. Thomas' Mission, is out. In addition to giving the dates of services, Guild, Frat and Auto Club meetings, it contains the lecture and current topic announcements for the coming year—the Mission's thirtieth since its organization.

All Souls', Philadelphia, and St. Ann's New York, are the only two Episcopal Missions for the Deaf in the United States which have a larger communicant list than St. Thomas' Mission in this city.

The Evening School for the Deaf at Central High will begin its second semester January 4th. The school attendance has increased sufficiently to warrant an increase in the teaching force, and Miss Annie M. Roper has been appointed to assist in the work.

The Auto Club recently elected the following officers to serve during 1921: President, Charles Kilpatrick; Secretary, Joseph Palecek. The Club will continue to meet on the third Friday evenings, at the Central Public Library. It gives its annual mask ball on the evening of February 5th, at Strassberger Hall, Grand and Shenandoah Avenues.

Mrs. Sylvia Chapin Balis, a teacher at the Belleville, Canada, School for the Deaf, gave the Gallaudet Day address at the Arkansas School for the Deaf, Little Rock, and passed through St. Louis both going and coming. On her way to Little Rock she stopped over for a day, during which she visited Gallaudet School and the Central Institute. In the evening she met the Gallaudet teachers at an informal reception at the residence of the Principal. Returning from Little Rock she stopped over for another day, visiting St. Joseph Institute for the Deaf and giving a talk on the wonders of Canada in the evening, to a gathering of upwards of two hundred, at St. Thomas' Mission. The gathering was quite large in view of the short notice and a mid-week date. Mrs. Balis is no stranger in St. Louis. She taught in the Day School here in 1880-1883, and quite a few of her former pupils, some of them grandparents, greeted her while here. She also met several of her former schoolmates, she having graduated from the Illinois School in the same class with Dr. Cloud. Mrs. Balis is at home on the platform, signs clearly and is an exceptionally good lip-reader. Her address was full of interest, and her visit, except for its short duration, is a pleasing memory with all who met her.

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Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf. Will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS, Fort Smith, Ark.

God's Infinite Love.

By HENRY M. HALL

"Were the whole sky of parchment made,
Were every man a scribe by trade,
Were every blade of grass a quill,
Did purest ink the ocean fill;
To write the love of God above,
Would drain the ocean dry,
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Tho' stretched from sky to sky."

The Creation of man upon the Earth is one of the first great evidences of God's love. Then man's wonderful structure of upwards of 200 bones, muscles and multitudinous veins and arteries to convey the blood throughout the body. The wondrous engine—the heart—that propels the fluids of life through all its channels after food has been transformed into vitality and life. That miraculous process also clearly demonstrates the Love, Power, and Wisdom of God. The corporeal body as a furnace converts food into warmth and is another evidence of God's love, and the Divine purpose in making man's bodily heat shows God's intense desire and wise plan to make his creatures happy. Without drawing upon the Scriptural knowledge and revelation given us of the love of our Maker for man, we can, for the nonce, imagine ourselves as ignorant of the Bible itself. Vitality of the physical frame is a most amazing exhibition of God's love and wisdom. The Divine "Breath" has made man a living being. But though a conscious animated entity, the Soul: the Loving Spirit, was necessary to fully create man in the "image of God." Able to think and feel, speak and develop in mind and heart, as well as physically. The Soul! What a sublime idea to contemplate! No finite mind can fully comprehend the Divine Spirit of man, which combined with magnificent physical bodily powers, is monarch of all earthly creations, "the Lord of the fowl and the brute." Man as a "living soul" has transformed forests and deserts into an earthly Paradise, "a Garden of the Gods." He has conquered the waves and storms of the ocean, and circuits and highways of the land. He has produced through the processes of nature his own food, has erected cities, palaces and thousands of monuments of architectural beauty. He has learned from God's constructive plans the development of grains, fruits and vegetables, into a thousand varieties of foods. The soul and mind combined with physical and mechanical power, has conquered space and distance. The human soul has ascended into the thoughts and wise designs of God. It has learned to worship, serve and love its creator, and to cast off all superstitious ceremonies and abnormal idolatries. The soul is learning the Love of his Infinite Heavenly Father and His sacrificial love of man. Not content with making and mapping the planet upon which he lives a while, the soul of man ascended into the multitudinous myriads of Suns, Stars and Systems that crowd an unlimited universe. "Millions of torches lighted by God's hand wander unwearied through the blue abyss, lighting the heavens obedient to command, all gay with life and all jubilant with bliss." The soul of man, "thinking out God's thoughts after him," travels myriads and billions of miles, far into the infinite distances of the starry heavens with telescopic eyes and imagination. How wondrously is shown the infinite Love of God in leading the human Soul and imperfect man upwards himself and Eternal Life in Heaven. Glory Hallelujah!

Shakespeare, four centuries ago, far exceeding Plato's idea, has attempted to depict man in God's Divine Creation. "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in form how like an angel, in apprehension how like a God! The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals, the very quintessence of dust." God's love and infinite wisdom in man's creation and great destiny no mortal can fully comprehend or fully estimate.

JANUARY 17, 1920.

Saved The Liberty Bell

Very few persons in Philadelphia recall Edward VII's visit to America in 1860. A great deal of stir was made over it, but nevertheless the number of those who disliked him because he was the British heir apparent, was much above those who received him with open arms and thus acquired the appellation Anglo-maniacs. It must be remembered that away back in those days there was still a good deal of antagonism to England.

Some ironical citizen conceived the idea of taking the Prince to see the old bell from which the Continental Congress issued the philippic that aroused the colonists to free themselves from the British anarchy. It appears also that Albert Edward, was a little embarrassed at the outset, but that he showed his bravery, by following his guides through every nook and cranny in the historic structure.

He saw the portraits of the men who stirred up the Revolution, and he did not gaze listlessly at them, but made complimentary comments upon them.

He looked with interest on the manuscript of the Declaration of Independence, and he did not finish

when he had placed in his hands the words of men who hewed down the flower of his royal progenitor's army.

Finally he came to a garret that was where the bell was hung when the Declaration was read, he was told. Then he wanted to know what became of the bell.

They found it for him with the aid of their canes. It was hidden away beneath a mass of peanut shells, orange peels, waste paper and other debris.

No one seemed to mind what had been discovered except the Prince of Wales. He was apparently appalled. For a moment he forgot he was a Briton. He gazed upon the poor cracked bell that had rung at a nation's birth and then he spoke the words that made the American people see that they were neglectful.

"This old bell," he said, "is the greatest relic this republic has to day. Instead of being here, covered with this accumulated dirt, it should occupy the chief place of honor in this Hall of Independence. It is to you what the Magna Charta is to England. It is cracked, but it is an inspiration. Believe me, my friends, it affects me more than anything I have been shown."

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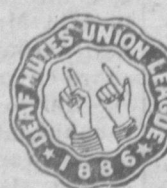
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